The Sapphire

Toots Haymore

1935

PUBLISHED BY
THE SENIOR CLASS
OF
FASSIFERN SCHOOL
HENDERSONVILLE, N. C.

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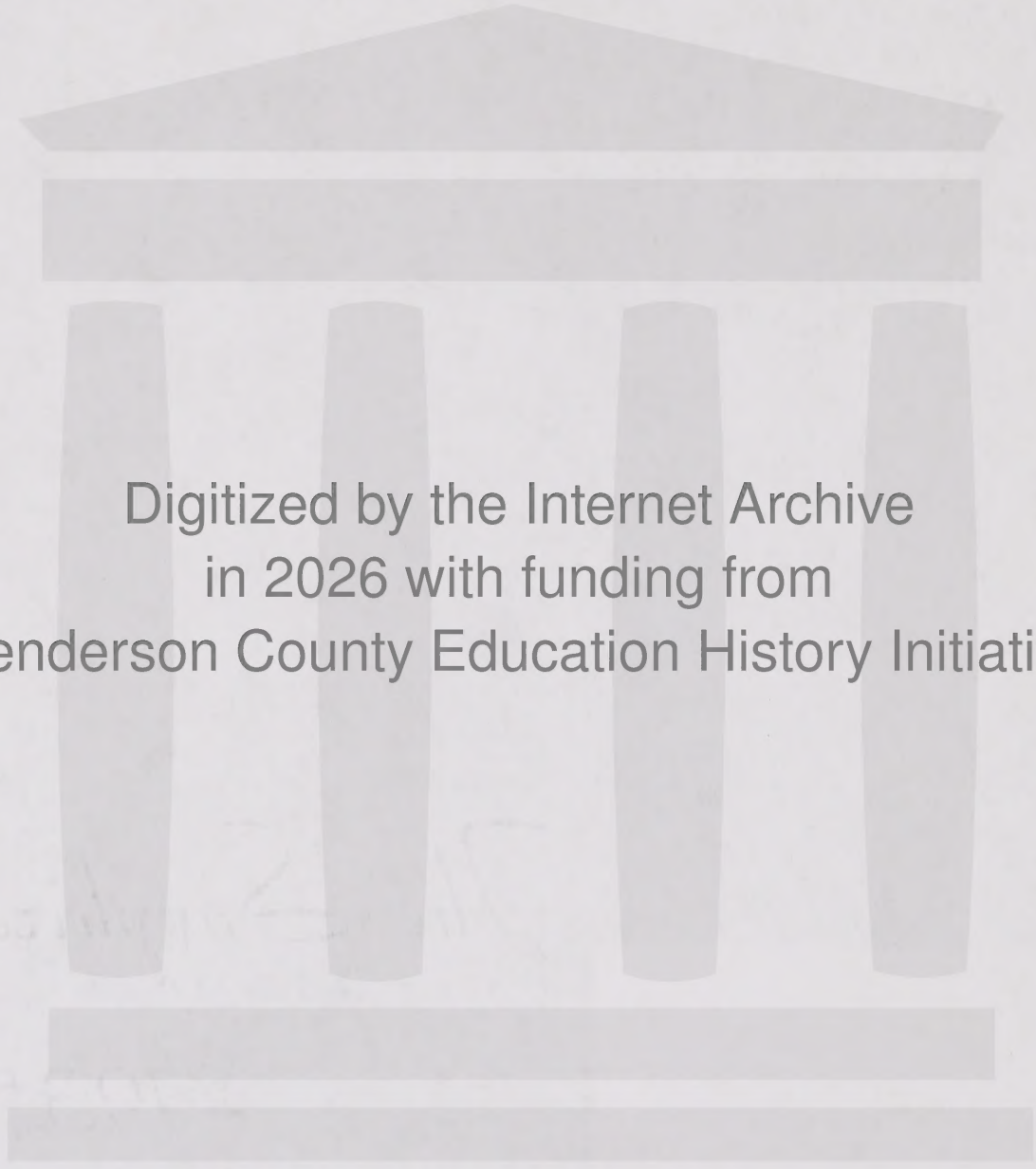
NOTE: "Toots" Haymore (as signed on the front page) was Charlotte Haymore of 1357 Falmouth Road, Riverview, Chattanooga, TN and a Fassifern Junior in 1935.



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Foreword

THE SAPPHIRE STAFF *has resisted the lure of any extraneous theme and has chosen "Fassifern" around which to build our 1935 Annual—a theme interesting in its history, rich in its present achievements, and challenging in possibilities for the future.*

Fassifern School, originally named Mary Wood School, was founded by Kate Cameron Shipp in the Fall of 1907 at Lincolnton, N. C. Miss Shipp was of Scotch ancestry and a near relative of Lochiel, chief of the Cameron clan. After a visit to Fassifern Castle, one of the country houses on the estate of the Lord of Lochiel in Scotland, Miss Shipp renamed her school "Fassifern." It was at this castle that Prince Charles spent the night before the Battle of Culloden and won over his friends, the Camerons, to his cause.

In October, 1914, Fassifern was moved to Hendersonville, N. C. There was at first only one building, Shipp Hall—so named later by Dr. Sevier in honor of Miss Shipp. Cameron and McBee Halls were built by Miss Shipp. Fassifern continued under the management of Miss Shipp and her sister Mrs. McBee until 1925 when it was bought by Dr. Joseph R. Sevier who has so successfully carried on the work of the founder of Fassifern.

For the Present of Fassifern we ask you to look within these pages.

To the Future of Fassifern we here pledge anew our loyalty, enthusiasm, and love.

CONTENTS

Book I

Classes

Book II

Activities

Book III

Features

Book IV

Sports

Dedicated To

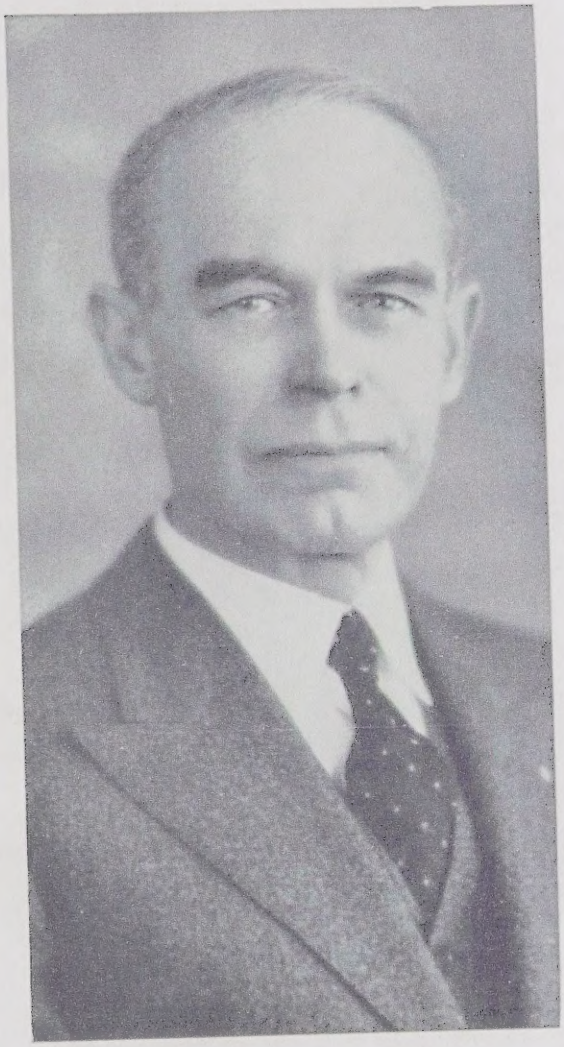
FASSIFERN AND ITS FUTURE

The Sapphire Staff

Margaret Kittrell	*Editor-in-Chief*
Ann Putnam	*Assistant Editor*
Betty Marshall	*Business Manager*
Sally Regensburg	*Feature Editor*
Grace Frost	*Assistant Feature Editor*
Nancy Lee Richardson	*Photograph Editor*
June Simmons	*Art Editor*
Jean Snarr	*Assistant Art Editor*
Miss Minton	*Faculty Adviser*
Miss Bull	*Faculty Adviser*

KATHERINE SEVIER HANNA

One of Fassifern's Futures



DR. JOSEPH R. SEVIER
President

Back Row: Miss Gibson, Miss Williams, Mr. Woodward, Miss Minton, Mrs. Hillhouse.

Front Row: Mrs. Woodward, Miss Tanner, Miss Bull, Miss Eckert, Miss Goddin, Mrs. Sutton, Miss Sweets, Miss Stauff.

The Faculty

Dr. Joseph R. Sevier	*President*
Mrs. J. R. Sevier	*Hostess*
Mr. S. L. Woodward	*Principal*
Mrs. S. L. Woodward	*Dean*
Miss Margaret Bull	*Latin*
Miss Dorothy Eckert	*Piano*
Miss Emily Gibson	*Typing and Shorthand*
Miss Myrtle Goddin	*French and Spanish*
Mrs. E. C. Hillhouse	*Grade Teacher*
Miss Emily Minton	*English*
Mrs. N. R. Sandifer	*Secretary to the President*
Miss Jane Stauff	*Physical Education and Expression*
Mrs. E. A. Sutton	*Science and History*
Miss Douschka Sweets	*Art*
Miss Nell Tanner	*Dietitian*
Miss L. E. Williams	*Nurse*

classes

MISS EMILY MINTON
Senior Class Sponsor

Senior Class Song

(TUNE: High Above Cayuga's Waters)

Fassifern, we raise our voices,
In a faithful cry,
Furling high your glorious banners
To the cloudless sky.
We who love thee best of all
And keep thy standards high,
Cherish each returning memory
As the years go by.

Fassifern, our Alma Mater,
You will light our way,
When one by one we leave thy gates
To meet the coming day.
Loving, faithful, through the years
Our hearts we raise to thee,
Clinging to your old traditions
Of fidelity.

Senior Class Officers

MAXINE DUNLAP, *President*
LITTLE ROCK, S. C.

Φ Γ Τ

Entered '33 from Dillon High School; Vice-President Sophomore Class '33; President Senior Class '35; President Glee Club '34; Vice-President Phi Gamma Tau '35; Sophomore Representative Athletic Association '33; Glee Club '33, '34, '35; Music Club '35; Vesper Cabinet '34, '35; Lavender Team '33, '34; Basketball Team '35; Junior Marshal '34; May Queen '35.

PEGGY WARNER, *Vice-President*
COLUMBIA, S. C.

Λ Δ

Entered '35 from Montreat; Vice-President Senior Class '35; Glee Club '35; Dramatic Club '35; French Club '35; Music Club '35; Riding Club '35; Basketball Team '35.

ANN PUTNAM, *Secretary and Treasurer*
WASHINGTON, N. C.

Φ Γ Τ

Vice-President Junior Class '34; Secretary and Treasurer Senior Class '35; Vice-President Art Club '34; President Art Club '35; Secretary Vesper Cabinet (First Semester) '35; Vice-President Vesper Cabinet (Second Semester) '35; Secretary Phi Gamma Tau '35; Freshman Representative Athletic Association '32; Glee Club '33, '34, '35; Dramatic Club '32, '33, '34, '35; Art Club '33, '34, '35; Assistant Editor-in-Chief SAPPHIRE '35; Lavender Team '32, '33, '34; Riding Club '35; Senior Basketball '35; Art Medal '34; Junior Marshal '34.

Seniors

GRACE FROST
WEST PALM BEACH, FLA.

Φ Γ Τ

Entered '35 from St. Genevieve-of-the-Pines: Assistant Feature Editor SAPPHIRE '35: President Vesper Cabinet (Second Semester) '35: Vice-President Vesper Cabinet (First Semester) '35: Riding Club '35: Basketball '35: Most Attractive '35: Salutatorian '35.

LELIA GREEVER
NORTON, VA.

Λ Δ

Entered '34 from Norton High School: Secretary and Treasurer Art Club '34, '35: President Lambda Delta Sorority '35: French Club '34, '35: Art Club '34, '35: White Team '34.

Seniors

GRACE HILFORD
NAPLES, N. C.

Λ Δ

Fassifern '33; Entered Fassifern '35 from Humberside Collegiate: Dramatic Club '33, '35; Glee Club '33, '35; Best Student '35; Basketball '35; White Team '33; Validictorian '35.

LUCY ANNE HOWARD
CONCORD, N. C.

Λ Δ

President Freshman Class, '32; President Sophomore Class '33; Secretary Dramatic Club '34; President Music Club '34; Glee Club '32, '33, '34, '35; Dramatic Club '32, '33, '34, '35; French Club '34, '35; White Team '32, '33; Basketball '35; Best Looking '35.

MARGARET KITTRELL
CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

Φ Γ Τ

Entered '34 from Girls' Preparatory School; Secretary and Treasurer Junior Class '34; Secretary and Treasurer Glee Club '34; President Glee Club '35; President Phi Gamma Tau '35; Glee Club '34, '35; Dramatic Club '34, '35; French Club '34, '35; Lavender Team '34; Assistant Business Manager SAPPHIRE '34; Editor SAPPHIRE '35; Basketball '35; Most Popular '34; Best All 'Round '34; Most Popular '35; Maid of Honor May Court '35.

Seniors

ISABEL LACKEY
SHELBY, N. C.

Φ Γ T

Entered '35 from St. Genevieve-of-the-Pines: Spanish Club '35.

SARA AGNES LILES
HENDERSONVILLE, N. C.

Λ Δ

Entered '31; President Sub-Freshman Class '31; President Nature Club '31; Secretary Freshman Class '32; Junior Marshal '34; Dramatic Club '32, '33; Secretary Music Club '34, '35; Glee Club '33, '34, '35; French Club '34, '35; White Team '32, '33, '34.

BETTY MARSHALL
HENDERSONVILLE, N. C.

Λ Δ

Entered '35 from Miami High School; Business Manager SAPPHIRE '35; Secretary and Treasurer Dramatic Club '35; President Athletic Association '35; Captain Basketball Team '35; Best Athlete '35.

Seniors

MARION HAYNES MILLER
JOHNSON CITY, TENN.

Φ Γ T

Entered '34 from Training School: Riding Club '35; Phi Gamma Tau '35; Lavender Team '34; Vesper Committee '34.

NANCY LEE RICHARDSON
DECATUR, GA.

Φ Γ T

Entered '34 from Girls' Preparatory School: French Club '34, '35; Dramatic Club '34, '35; President Dramatic Club '35; Lavender Team '34; Basketball '35; Glee Club '34, '35; Vesper Cabinet '34, '35; President Vesper Cabinet (First Semester) '35; Junior Marshal '34; Photographic Editor SAPPHIRE '35.

JUNE ELIZABETH SIMMONS
MIAMI, FLA.

Φ Γ T

Entered '33 from Ida Fisher High: Art Club '33, '34, '35; Glee Club '33, '34, '35; Lavender Team '34; Art Editor SAPPHIRE '35.

Seniors

ADELAIDE TAYLOR
COLUMBIA, S. C.

Φ Γ T

Entered '34 from Columbia High: Vesper Cabinet '34, '35; Chairman Music Committee '35; French Club '34, '35; Glee Club '34, '35; Scribbler's Club '34, '35; Dramatic Club '35; Music Club '34, '35; Lavender Team '34.

DOROTHY TRAVIS
SOUTHERN PINES, N. C.

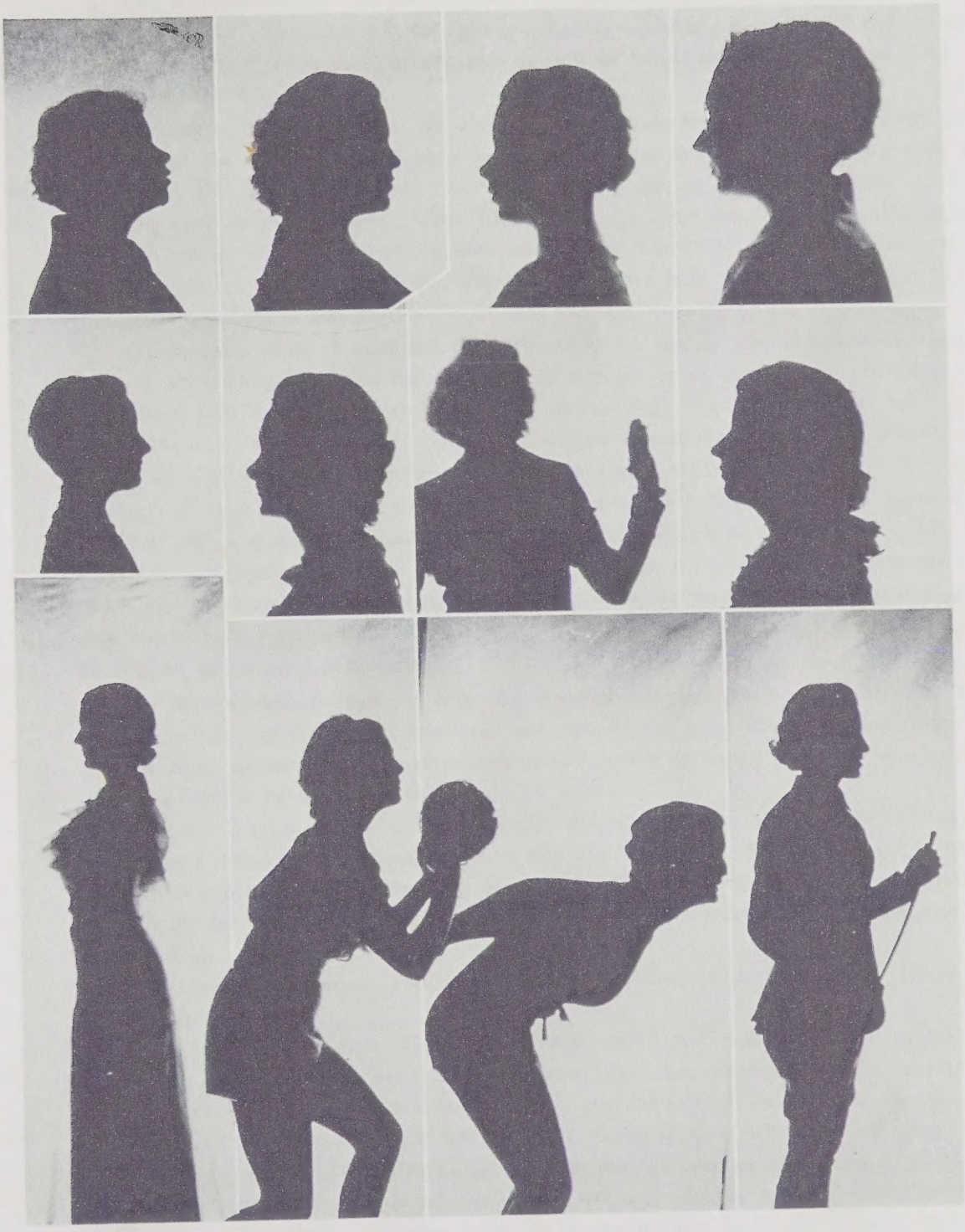
Φ Γ T

Entered '34 from Southern Pines High: French Club '35.

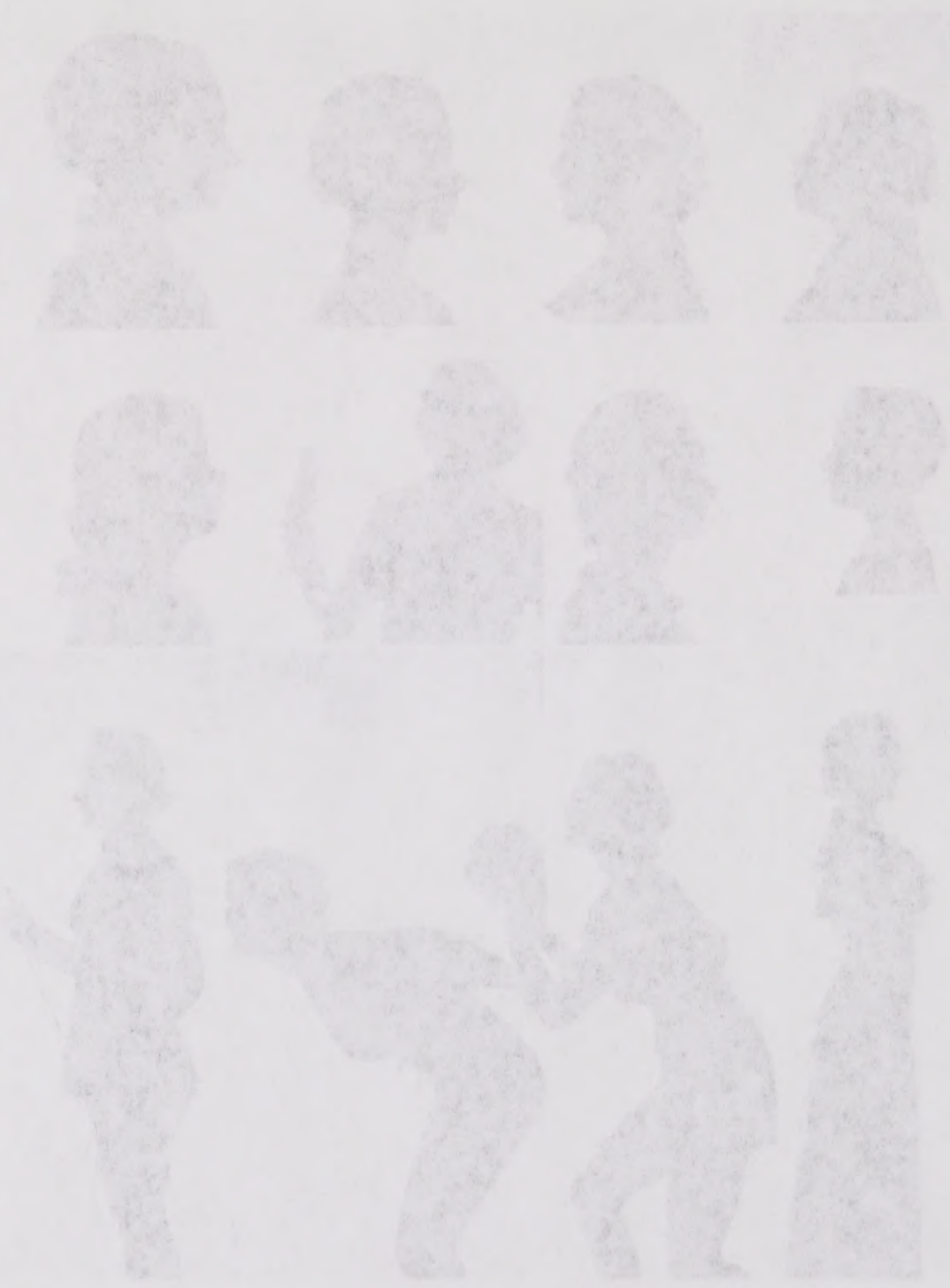
MARY WILSON
DALLAS, N. C.

Λ Δ

Entered '33 from Mrs. Pucker's Private School: White Team '34; Spanish Club '34; Scribbler's Club '35.



SENIOR SILHOUETTES



Senior Class History

FINIS

The last day—slowly she looked over the dining hall with misty eyes, from her place at the Senior table. She glanced at the faces of her dearest friends and knew well their thoughts. It suddenly dawned upon her that this was the seat in which she had been seated, four years ago, at her first meal . . .

As a mere child of fourteen, she had entered the large room, occupied by many people, and had felt the eyes of them all upon her. This was the first year she had ever been away from her family and she suddenly realized how dear and far away they seemed to her, a stranger among so many people. True, she had been to camp for four consecutive summers, but this was not the eternity of the nine months, to which she now looked forward with great uncertainty. I wonder what her feelings would have been, had she known that she was to spend four years in this place?

My heroine, whom I shall call Christine, took her seat at the table and smilingly but fearfully acknowledged the introductions. As she was shy of so many people, she could think of nothing with which to answer their many queries but, "Yes," and, "Why, no." At the end of the meal, which seemed to last a year, she knew that the ordeal would always remain in her mind as one of the most dreadful she would have to go through.

As she came through the doorway, she wished so very badly that some friendly hand would be offered to her and a kindly voice would say, "Can't I take you upstairs? I know you must feel very lonely." As these thoughts flashed through her mind, she felt someone at her elbow and an attractive girl spoke to her in a soft reassuring voice, "Let's go upstairs, and I'll help you unpack your clothes." Instinctively Christine knew that here was one who would be a friend to her for a long time.

As they walked through the halls, Christine glanced into the rooms where old friends were unpacking and reminiscing about the summer and the times Miss Lacy had caught them at their many pranks. She felt alone among this crowd of happy girls and wondered how long it would be before she would be one of them.

The day dragged slowly, and when night came she went to her room, blue, lonely, and wanting the company of a roommate who was late in coming. While lying in her bed, she realized with great force that here she was, a very little girl, terribly green and afraid. She thought of the Seniors, how old they seemed to her, and wondered if she would ever attain such prestige.

The year passed swiftly, and with it went that feeling of doubt that had always lurked in her mind . . .

Now came happier days. Christine well remembered that night at the end of her second year when she and two of her friends had eaten two cakes, three pints of ice cream, and a quart of grapejuice; and then horrors!! the pain that followed. Then too, she thought of the time that she had had the measles and the great disappointment when she was told that she couldn't be in the play—then the happiness when she was able to get up for it.

Now Christine thought of her third year, and how, on her return, looking for her old friends, she had found most of them gone. Remembering how in her first year she had looked to an older girl for companionship, she resolved that now if it were possible she would be the friendly hand that would help some underclassman along the way.

Christine saw again the voting, the campaigning and festivity of the Junior Carnival and remembered how undecided she had been as to which way to vote. Then she heard once more the cheers that arose when the queen was coronated.

As she thought about the Junior-Senior Banquet, she recalled how the President of her class had blushed when she made the toast and had taken so much good-natured kidding for it. Now she remembered the dance with Asheville School that had followed and how much unexpected fun she had had with those Northern boys.

Christine recalled with a sigh the night of graduation and how she felt as she looked upon the expressions of the Senior class, as they sat there waiting to receive their diplomas. Some proud, others very serious, but there were also those upon whose cheeks tears of loyalty and sincerity were glistening.

She remembered how proud she had been as one of the Junior Marshals when she walked in, leading her line of underclassmen. Then, when the awards were being conferred, how utterly happy and surprised she had been when she was given the Art Medal. She remembered now that these things had been her chief ambitions ever since she had entered high school.

And now she thought of her past year—the last one she would ever spend in this school that she had grown to love so dearly. As she lived it over once again, it seemed like a wonderful dream, yet vivid and real. She recalled the all-day horseback ride with one of the new girls that had never ridden before and how she had wondered why it was that she was able to walk with such ease the next day.

Christine remembered how happy she had been upon being told that she was to be a part of the annual staff, and how she had looked forward to going to town for ads. Then she recalled the Monday that she, four other girls, and a teacher had gone to Asheville, their walk down the street waving balloons, and their sliding in the lobby of the picture show, and coming home with high spirits, even though empty handed.

Now she thought about the time that one of her friends had been hurt in gym and how she had taken her to her room, wondering what she would do should she faint.

She recalled the basketball game with the Juniors—the first one in which she had ever played—and how excited she had been over it. The score, she remembered, was 10-1, that lone point being given to the Juniors by her faulty over-guarding.

As these many thoughts flashed through Christine's mind, she could say nothing, do nothing but just sit there. It seemed so completely impossible that now, after four brief years, she was to leave this school, maybe never to return to its welcome doors again. Then she realized, with tears welling up into her eyes and a lump coming to her throat, that in less than three fleeting hours she would have received her diploma and be one of the "past." It did not seem right that she should have to leave those friends whom she had grown to admire so dearly. It was difficult that after their going through so many trials together that each must go her own way and accomplish something alone in a strange world.

As she pushed back her chair from the table where she had her last meal with her classmates, who had made a poor attempt at gayiety, she heard across the court the strains of "Ten Thousand Times Ten Thousand."

Senior Class Prophecy

TIME: 1955.

PLACE: Ye olde dusty book-shelf. English Class Room. Fassifern School. after the depression of 1950.

ACT I—SCENE I

(As the curtain rises, a long row of dusty books is seen on the class room shelf. Suddenly a tall, black bound book falls on its side, disturbing the dust and the rest of the books. The "Makers of History" stirs irritatedly and begins to speak.)

MAKERS OF HISTORY (in a haughty voice): Such temperament! Won't you ever learn some decorum, Educational Music? Miss Wilson is giving a test now and you might keep quiet, you know. (In a pompous voice which he tries hard to keep subdued.) In looking over this senior class I am reminded of the class of '35, of which four members have added greatly to my pages. Beginning with my first chapter, Isabel Lackey has added three pages to my content by her great success as the first lady of the land. Beginning my 35th page there is quite a lengthy discussion of Anne Putnam's accomplishments. As the first woman to head a brokerage firm, she has made quite a name for herself.

MY WORK IN FOREIGN FIELDS—But every one of my pages is filled with a vivid description of my authoress' work as a missionary in Burma. Miss Dunlap has greatly enlarged the foreign field in mission work and has really accomplished what no other who has gone before her has.

NEW EDUCATIONAL MUSIC (from opposite shelf)—Yes, but when you consider the vast realm of music, Sara Liles has reached the very heights of success. Her recent composition has gained for her the coveted appointment of President of Peabody Conservatory. I fully appreciate the work that Sara Liles has done; however I must say that I have a deep admiration for Lucy Anne Howard. Innumerable objects were placed in her path, but after a great deal of intense work she gained her one ambition—the Metropolitan Opera. That, my friends, took initiative and will power, two qualities we all admire but few of us have.

MEDICINE ABROAD—Please—Just let me summarize these two paragraphs for you! They relate in a few words the wonders Dr. Frost has wrought for humanity in her discovery of the vaccine for Arterial Sclerosis.

MAKERS OF HISTORY—Yes—and speaking of great successes, the list cannot be completed without Congresswoman Marshall's name. According to my last three chapters she has really made the United States see what a great asset women can be to the government. But, My Work in Foreign Fields, pray do not omit Adelaide Taylor, for as an evangelist she alone has made more converts in the United States in the last ten years than has been made in the past generation by any other type of missionary.

ETIQUETTE—You can brag as much as you will, but I think the most illustrous name on the shelf is that of Margaret Kittrell, who is the wife of the president of Fassifern. Think of all the blue ribbons she has won at the Tryon Horse Shows, also.

(There is an interruption as a voluminous edition, "Who's Who of 1954," is placed on the shelf.)

MAKERS OF HISTORY—Ah—you seem to have arrived at a most opportune time. Welcome to our book-shelf. We were just speaking of that illustrous class of '35. We have covered a considerable number from their midst but unfortunately our pages do not include the remaining of the class. For instance, we should like very much to know what became of Peggy Warner. She had such high aspirations when she was in school.

WHO'S WHO—I could go into a lengthy discussion of that vivacious young lady, but just to summarize—it's rather like the rise and fall of Rome. She reached the height of her career as an aviatrix in 1947, but with the depression came the downfall. She is now serving as a waitress in the cafe on the aviation field that was formerly dedicated to her.

MAKERS OF HISTORY—Really? That's a shame—she was so ambitious. But tell us, do you know anything of Dorothy Travis?

WHO'S WHO—Oh, she's married to a prominent lawyer out in California and her children are attending Fassifern, as you know. But—there is a mistake, I'm sure, about Miss Margaret Kittrell. True, she has won many awards in the past, but during the depression she has lost her prestige and the government has placed her in charge of the farm relief mules because of her superior knowledge of horsemanship. And then, too, Maxine Dunlap now has no money to continue her work or even return home from Burma. It is really a shame about the poor girls, how they've fallen, isn't it?

ETIQUETTE—Well, what of Lucy Howard? Surely the depression has not taken her from her heights of glory.

WHO'S WHO—Ah, she is one of the saddest cases listed in my pages. She has actually fallen to the place of having to sing for the Salvation Army . . . and she had such pride, too.

ARTS IN AMERICA—Who's Who, could you, by chance, tell me anything about Marion Miller and Lelia Greever? They were always quiet and reserved but I somehow felt that they would amount to something great.

WHO'S WHO—And that they did. Lelia, now, even after a reverse of fortune, her beautiful complexion is still an asset to her. You can see her in Wentworth's enthusiastically demonstrating "Blue Waltz" facial cream.

ARTS IN AMERICA—Did Miss Richardson ever complete that novel she was working so hard on?

WHO'S WHO—Yes, and incidentally, it won her the praise of the whole literary world. When she received the Nobel Prize for her "World and The Man," everyone thought that she was writing the book of the ages, but now it sells no longer and she is writing for *True Story* for her living. I'm glad that I'm only a book and cannot go through the trials and tribulations this younger generation seems to be going through. Grace Hilford, however, has held her own pretty well. In 1945 she took over the management of the Hull House and is, of course, the successor to Jane Addams, who has retired.

MAKERS OF HISTORY—And of course Congresswoman Marshall and Miss Putnam are holding their places?????

WHO'S WHO—Now they are also sad cases. Miss Putnam is in prison awaiting her trial for alledgedly embezzeling three million dollars of her firm's capital. And Congresswoman Marshall is no more. In 1950 she was removed from office because of her radical views. She was obsessed with the insane idea that she should be the first woman dictator of the United States.

ARTS IN AMERICA—The audacity of the woman!!! I must say, though, that she was very attractive at Fassifern. She was always so friendly and yet so reserved. But tell me, what of June Simmons?

WHO'S WHO—She too for a while enjoyed great fame, but with the coming of the depression her fame as an artist diminished. She no longer sells her masterpieces, but instead sketches portraits at ten cents a piece on street corners. And poor Sarah Liles, even though she has known great fame, it has done her no good. She is nothing but a hard working piano-tuner today.

MAKERS OF HISTORY—But to go back to Congresswoman Marshall, Miss Lackey's husband was president then and I wondered what he thought of her and her radical views.

WHO'S WHO—That, Makers of History, is where Miss Lackey made her great mistake. She very vehemently urged that he follow Congresswoman Marshall's views. He did so, after much persuasion and as a result was impeached and removed from office.

ARTS IN AMERICA—Who else was in that class? Isn't that all? Think—they all reached great heights—were dropped to the deepest depths—and yet the world goes on.

ANNE PUTNAM,
BETTY JANE MARSHALL,
Class Prophets.

Junior Class

OFFICERS

HARRIET LUTHER ..... *President*
JEANNE SNARR ..... *Vice-President*
CHARLOTTE HAYMORE ..... *Secretary-Treasurer*
MISS GIBSON ..... *Sponsor*

MEMBERS

DORIS DAVENPORT
LUCY DAVIS
JOYCE EWING
PAULINE GARROU
ANNE HARRIS
AURELIA HARRISON
BETTY SUE MCCAMY
SALLY REGENSBURG
KATHLEEN ROBERSON
HELEN SHADBURN
MARY JANE WALKER

Back Row: COXE, MISS BULL, WILLARD, LEACH, HILLHOUSE, BLACKWELL, POU, BRANDON, BODZINER.
Kneeling: WEEKS, WILDS, HARRIS, JENKINS, COXE.

Sophomore Class

OFFICERS

FRANCES COXE ..... *President*
VALVERDA BRANDON ..... *Vice-President*
LAURETTE BODZINER ..... *Secretary-Treasurer*
MISS BULL ..... *Sponsor*

MEMBERS

HARRIE BLACKWELL
MARY CONNALLY COXE
JULIA HARRIS
ESTER LOVE HILLHOUSE
KATHERINE JENKINS
MIRIAM JUSTICE
ELIZABETH LEACH
LAURA NEAL NEWTON
LILLIAN POU
NANCY WEEKS
MARY SCOTT WILDS
MARY WILLARD

Miss Stauff, Miller, McLain, Padgett, Bowen, Labberton, Cunningham, Wilds, Dail.

Freshman Class

OFFICERS

Gladys Pratt ..... *President*

Annie Wilds ..... *Vice-President*

Marjorie McLain ..... *Secretary-Treasurer*

Miss Stauff ..... *Sponsor*

MEMBERS

Betsy Bowen

Peggy Cunningham

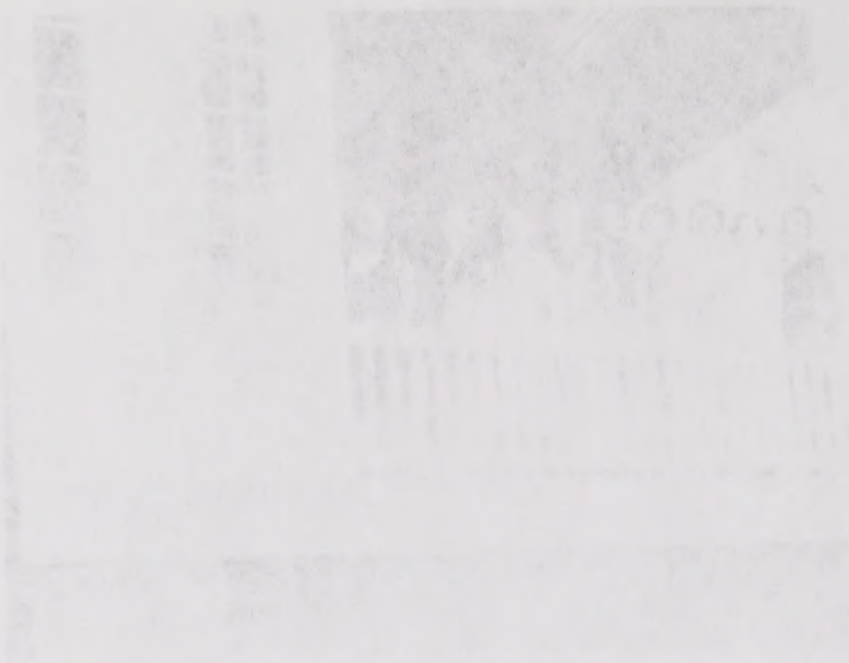
Betty Dail

Katherine Kearns

Mary Labberton

Louise Miller

Yvette Padgett



Standing: Dycus, Cunningham.
Back Row: Hundley, Kemp, Douglass, Mrs. Hillhouse, Stepp, Douglass, Faison.
Front Row: Hilford, Balentine, McLain.

Sub-Freshmen

Mary Balentine

Polly Cunningham

Martha Douglass

Mary Douglass

Madge Dycus

Betty Faison

Mary Hilford

Virginia Houston

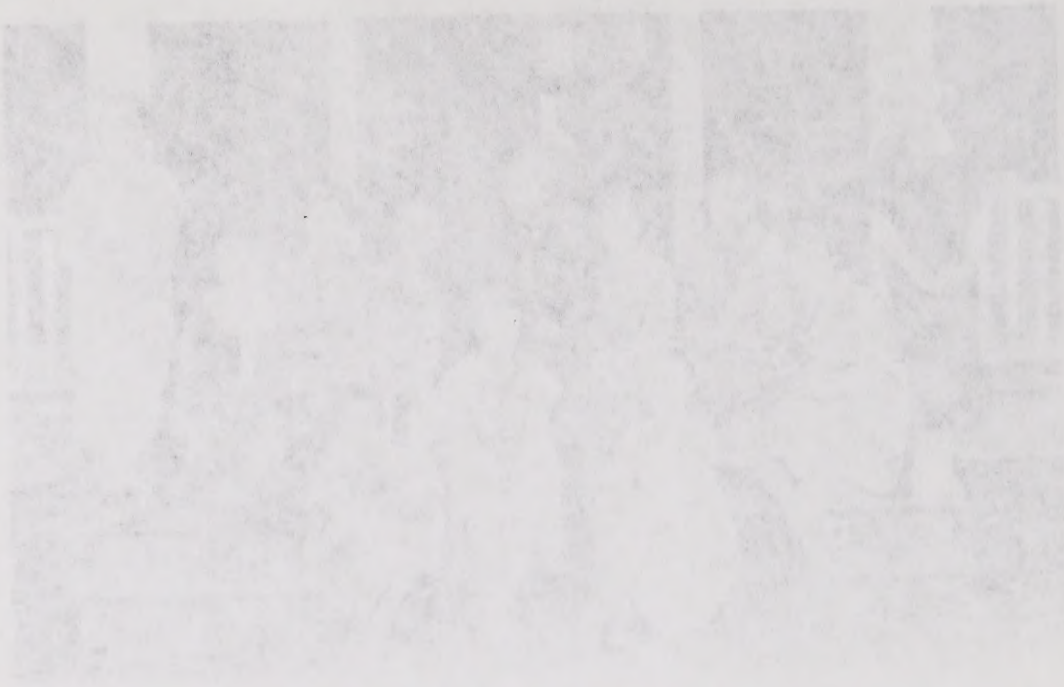
Margaret Hundley

Mary Jane Kemp

Susan McLain

Betty Perkins

Alice Stepp



"Gaily tripping,
Lightly skipping,
Flock the maidens
To the shipping."

"O joy,
O rapture unforseen.
The clouded sky
Is now serene."

"I never use a big,
Big D—"
"What never?"
Well—hardly ever."

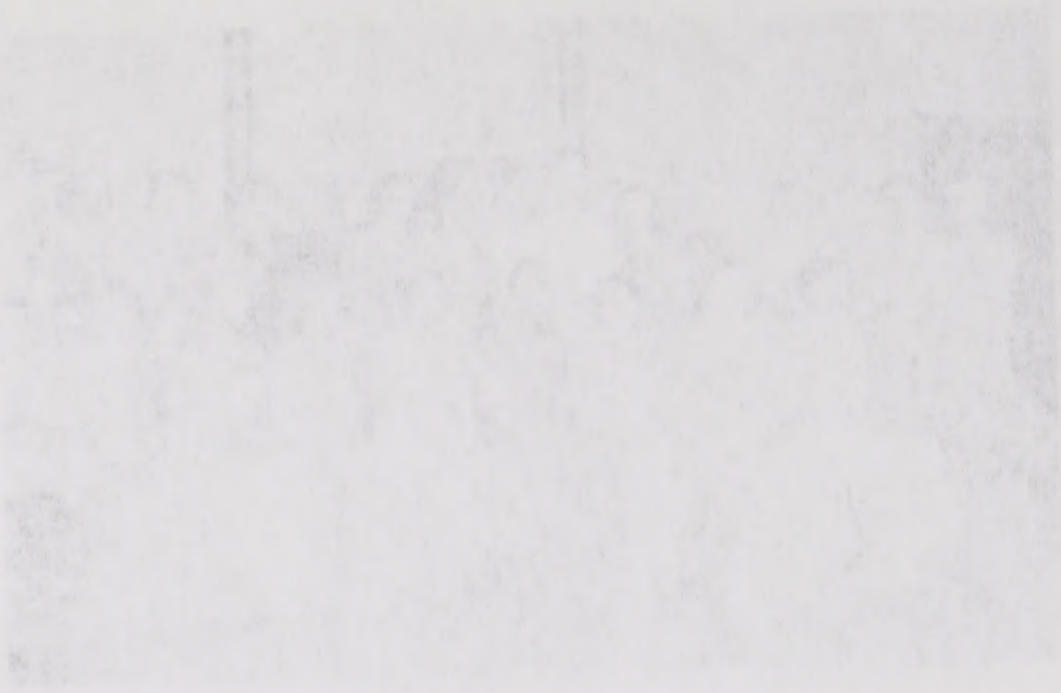
Dramatic Club

OFFICERS

NANCY LEE RICHARDSON . . . . . *President*
SALLY REGENSBURG . . . . . *Vice-President*
BETTY MARSHALL . . . . . *Secretary-Treasurer*
MISS STAUFF . . . . . *Sponsor*

MEMBERS

LAURETTE BODZINER
MARY CONNALLY COXE
MAXINE DUNLAP
MADGE DYCUS
PAULINE GARROU
ANN HARRIS
JULIA HARRIS
GRACE HILFORD
ESTER LOVE HILLHOUSE
LUCY ANNE HOWARD
KATHERINE JENKINS
MARGARET KETTRELL
HARRIETT LUTHER
BETTY SUE MCCAMY
MARJORIE MCLAIN
YVETTE PADGETT
GLADYS PRATT
ANN PUTNAM
ADELAIDE TAYLOR
PEGGY WARNER
ANNIE WILDS



Art Club

OFFICERS

ANN PUTNAM ..... *President*

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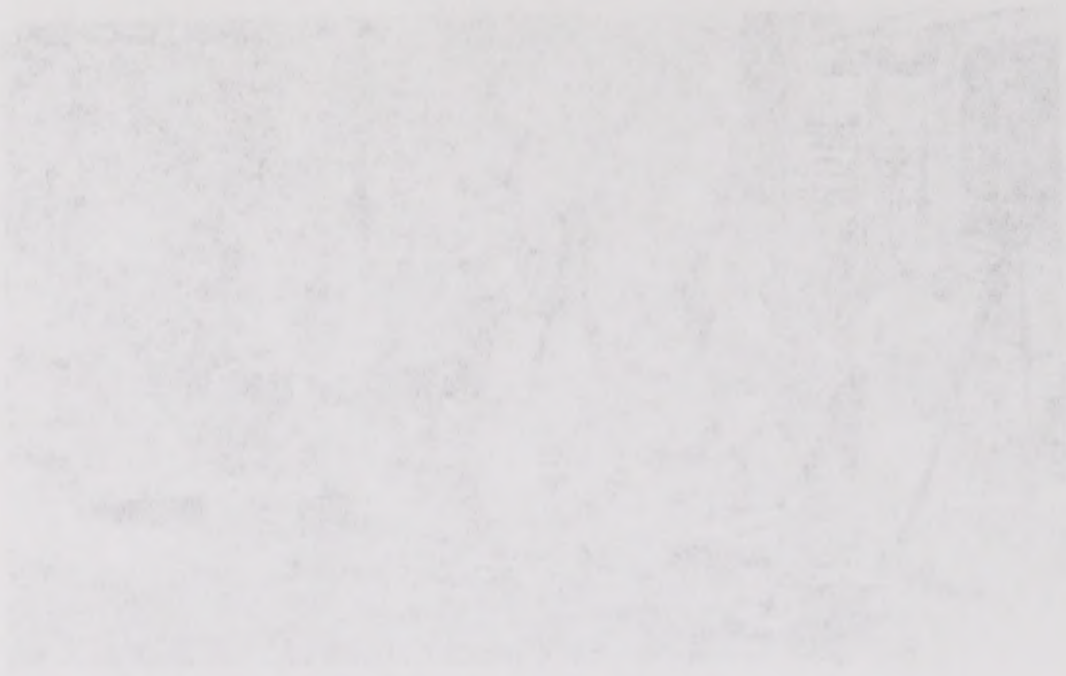
JUNE SIMMONS

CLARA LOUISE SOMPAYRAC

JEANNE SNARR



Back Row: Bodziner, Taylor, Weeks, Miss Sweets, Richardson, Hillhouse, Putnam.
Front Row: Haymore, Frost, Dunlap, Leach, Snarr.

Vesper Cabinet

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Ester Love Hillhouse
Elizabeth Leach
Gladys Pratt
Nancy Lee Richardson
Adelaide Taylor
Nancy Weeks

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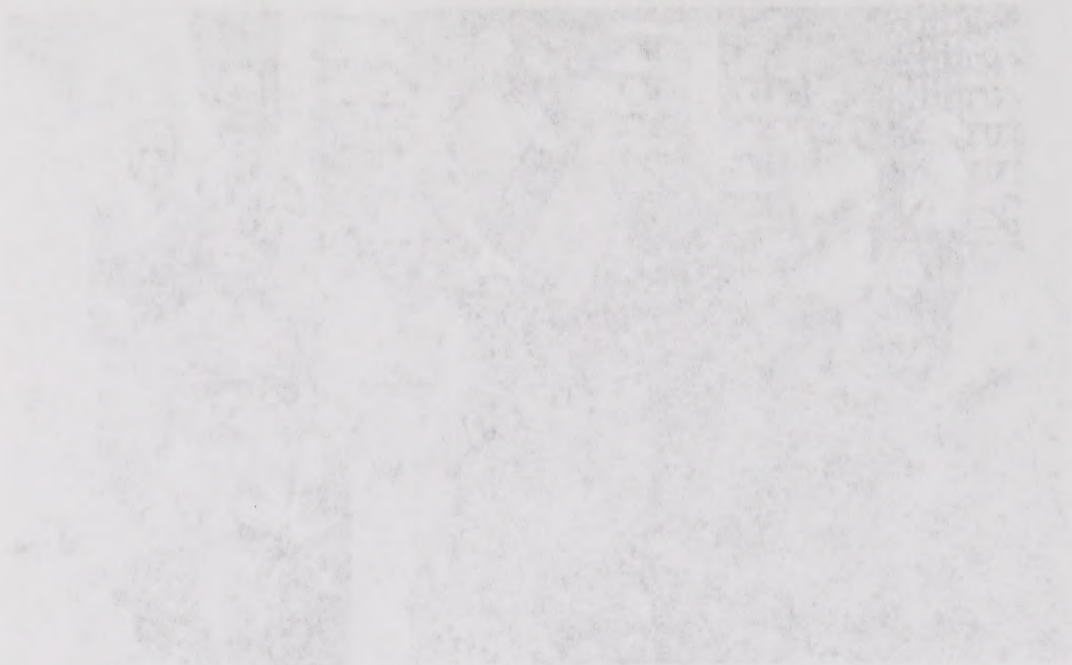
JOYCE EWING
AURELIA HARRISON
HARRIET LUTHER
MARJORIE MCLAIN
ADELAIDE TAYLOR
NANCY WEEKS
MARY WILSON



Back Row: Kittrell, Kearns, A. Harris, Hilford, Ewing, McLain, J. Harris. *Second Row:* Davis, Howard, Putnam, Haymore, Dunlap, A. Wilds, M. S. Wilds, Harrison, Pou, Weeks, Liles, Warner, Brandon, Garrou, Miss Eckert. *First Row:* Miss Stauff, Shadburn, Richardson, Regensberg, Luther, Newton, Cunningham, Bodziner, Hillhouse, Snarr.

Glee Club

OFFICERS

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Maxine Dunlap ..... *Secretary-Treasurer*

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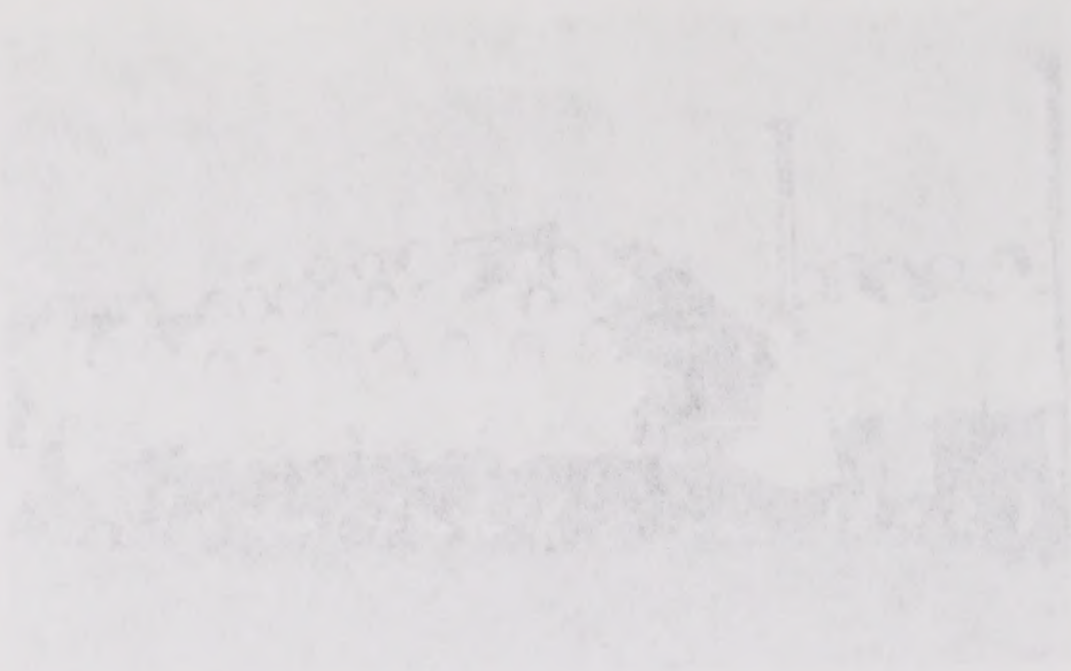
Lucy Davis
Maxine Dunlap
Joyce Ewing
Pauline Garrou
Anne Harris
Aurelia Harrison
Julia Harris
Charlotte Haymore
Grace Hilford
Esther Love Hillhouse
Lucy Anne Howard
Katherine Kearns
Margaret Kittrell
Sara Liles
Harriett Luther
Marjorie McLain
Laura Neal Newton
Gladys Pratt
Anne Putnam
Lillian Pou
Sally Regensburg
Nancy Lee Richardson
June Simmons
Jeanne Snarr
Helen Shadburn
Adelaide Taylor
Peggy Warner
Nancy Weeks
Annie Wilds
Mary Scott Wilds



Back Row: Dunlap, Kearns, Harris, Warner, Hillhouse, Roberson, Howard, Snarr, Kemp, M. S. Wilds. *Second Row:* Liles, Cunningham, Taylor, Miss Eckert, Regensburg, Weeks, A. Wilds, Willard.

Music Club

Peggy Cunningham

Martha Douglass

Mary Douglass

Maxine Dunlap

Esther Love Hillhouse

Julia Harris

Katherine Kearns

Sara Liles

Sally Regensburg

Adelaide Taylor

Annie Wilds

Mary Scott Wilds

Mary Willard

Mary Jane Kemp

Kathleen Roberson

Clara Louise Sompyrac

Peggy Warner

Lucy Anne Howard

Nancy Weeks

Jeanne Snarr

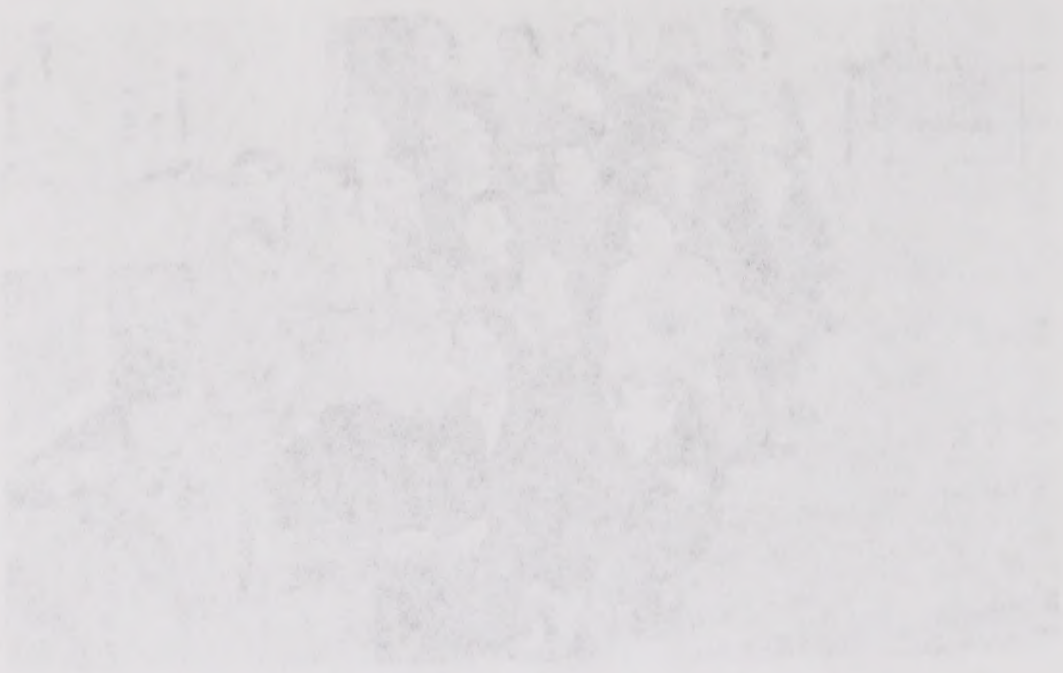
Doris Davenport

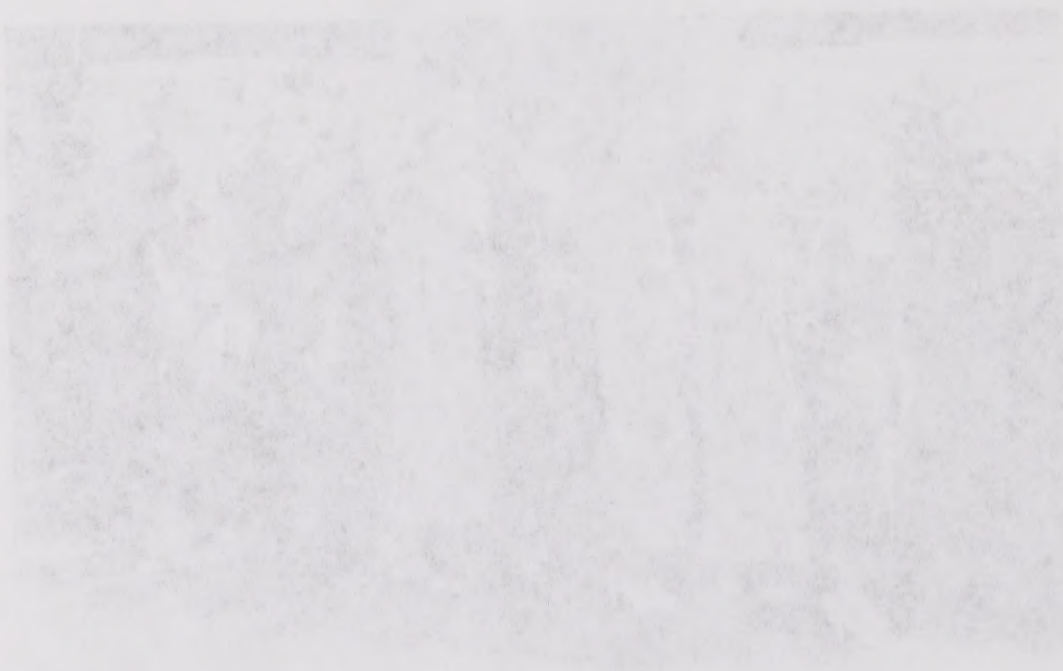
French Club

First Row: Greever, Jenkins. *Second Row:* Snarr, Luther. *Third Row:* Roberson, Warner, Douglass. *Fourth Row:* Kemp, Travis, Liles, Stepp, Hundley. *Fifth Row:* Garrou, Davis, Goddin, Faison, Douglass. *Sixth Row:* Shadburn, Richardson, Dunlap, Kittrell, Howard.

Spanish Club

Aurelia Harrison, Betty Marshall, Joyce Ewing, Isabel Lackey, Anne Harris, Katherine Kearns, Miss Goddin, Mary Willard.





Riding Club

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MARGARET KITTRELL ..... *Riding Instructor*

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HARRIET LUTHER
MARION MILLER
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YVETTE PADGETT
GLADYS PRATT
ANNE PUTNAM
KATHLEEN ROBERSON
JUNE SIMMONS
PEGGY WARNER
NANCY WEEKS
MARY WILLARD

Lambda Delta

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MRS. SUTTON ..... *Sponsor*

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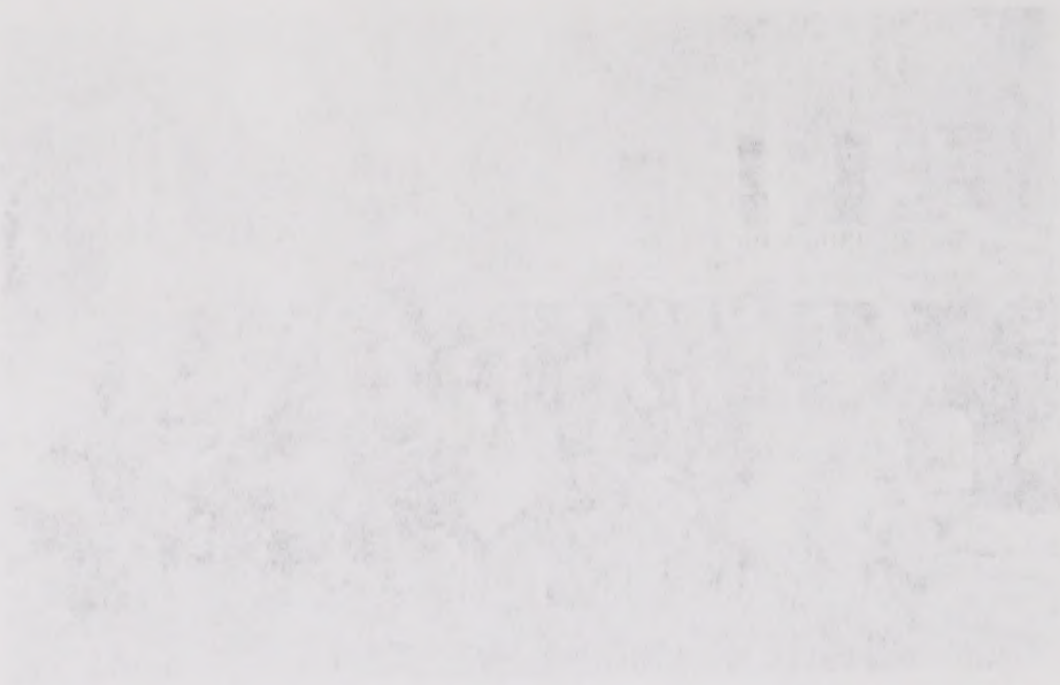
MADGE DYCUS
JOYCE EWING
JULIA HARRIS
GRACE HILFORD
MARY HILFORD
ESTER LOVE HILLHOUSE
VIRGINIA HOUSTON
LUCY HOWARD
MARGARET HUNDLEY
MIRIAM JUSTICE
MARY LABBERTON
ELIZABETH LEACH
SARA LILES
BETTY MARSHALL
MARJORIE MCLAIN
SUSAN MCLAIN
BETTY PERKINS
GLADYS PRATT
ALICE STEPP
PEGGY WARNER
ANNIE WILDS
MARY SCOTT WILDS
MARY WILSON



Phi Gamma Tau

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DORIS DAVENPORT
LUCY DAVIS
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ANNE HARRIS
AURELIA HARRISON
CHARLOTTE HAYMORE
KATHERINE KEARNS
KATHERINE JENKINS
ISABEL LACKEY
BETTY SUE MCCAMY
LOUISE MILLER
MARION MILLER
LAURA NEAL NEWTON
YVETTE PADGETT
LILLIAN POU
NANCY LEE RICHARDSON
KATHLEEN ROBERSON
HELEN SHADBURN
JUNE SIMMONS
JEANNE SNARR
ADELAIDE TAYLOR
DOROTHY TRAVIS
NANCY WEEKS
MARY WILLARD

First Row: Harrison, Dunlap, Howard, Weeks, Snarr, Richardson.
Second Row: Miss Eckert, Putnam, Simmons, Kittrell, Harris, Regensburg.

Vesper Choir

Maxine Dunlap

Anne Harris

Aurelia Harrison

Lucy Anne Howard

Margaret Kittrell

Ann Putnam

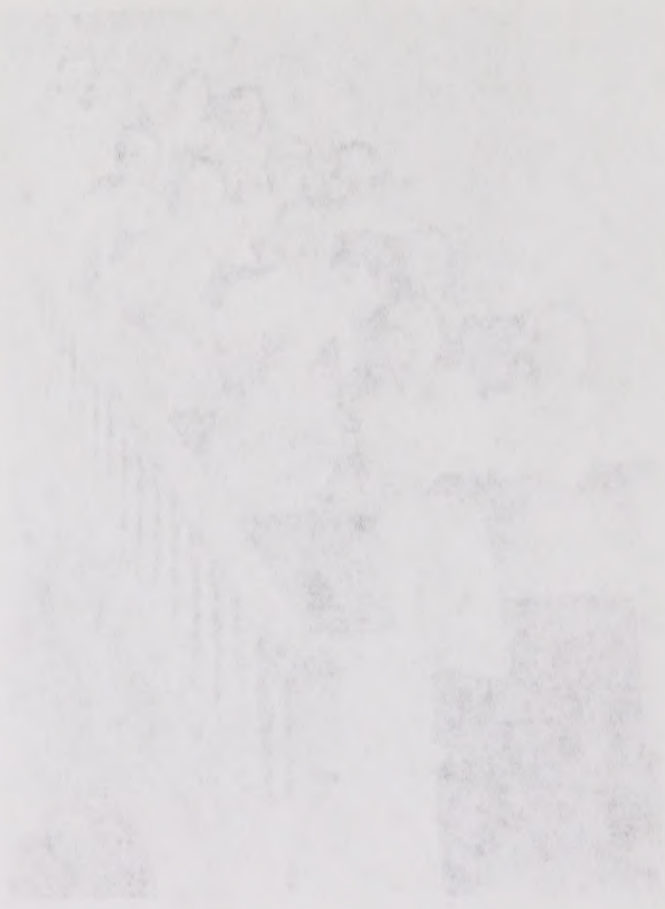
Sally Regensburg

Nancy Lee Richardson

June Simmons

Jeanne Snarr

Nancy Weeks



Carnival Queen
LUCY DAVIS

May Queen

MAXINE DUNLAP

Maid of Honor

(Most Popular)

MARGARET KITTRELL

Best Looking

LUCY ANNE HOWARD

Most Attractive

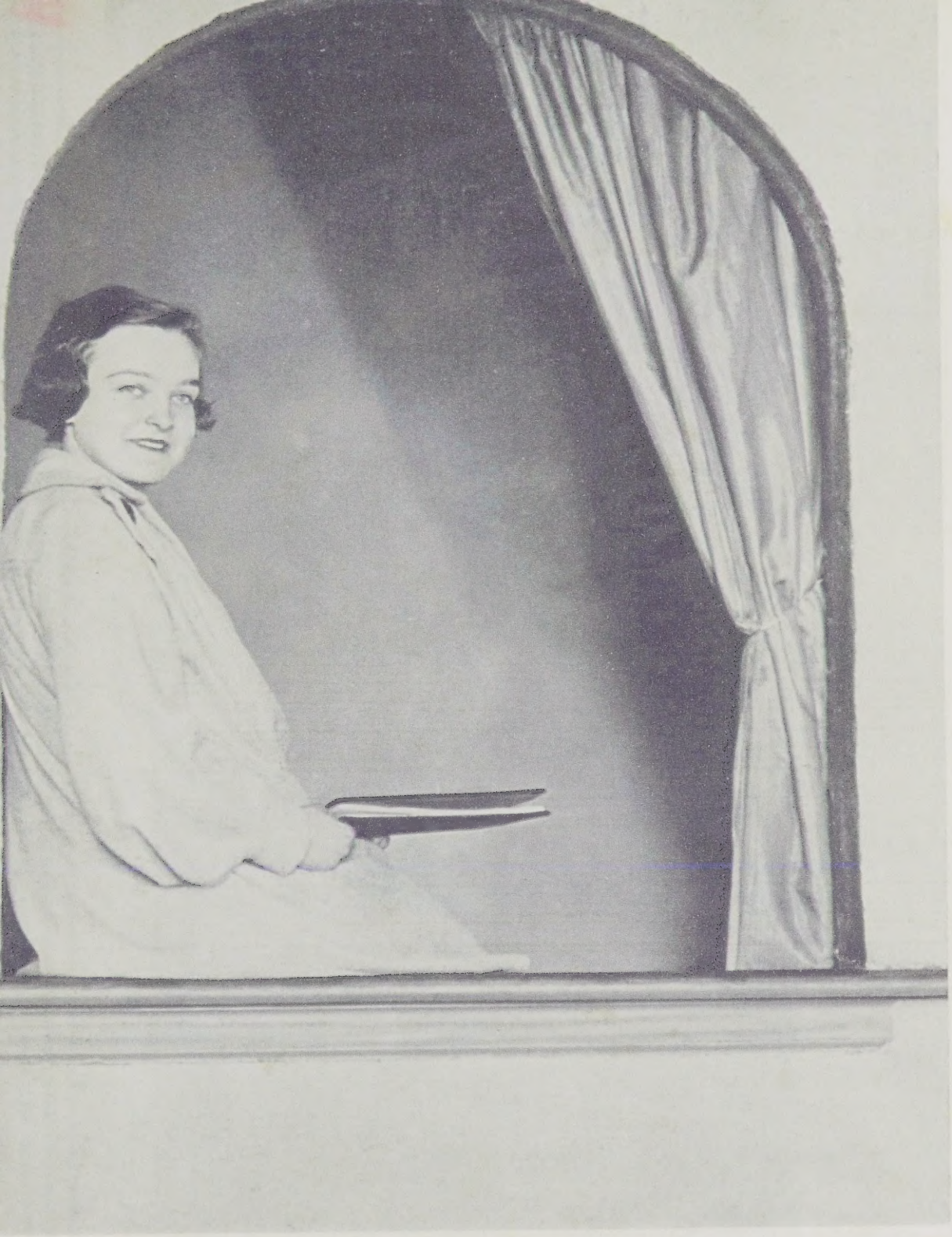
GRACE FROST

Best Athlete

BETTY MARSHALL

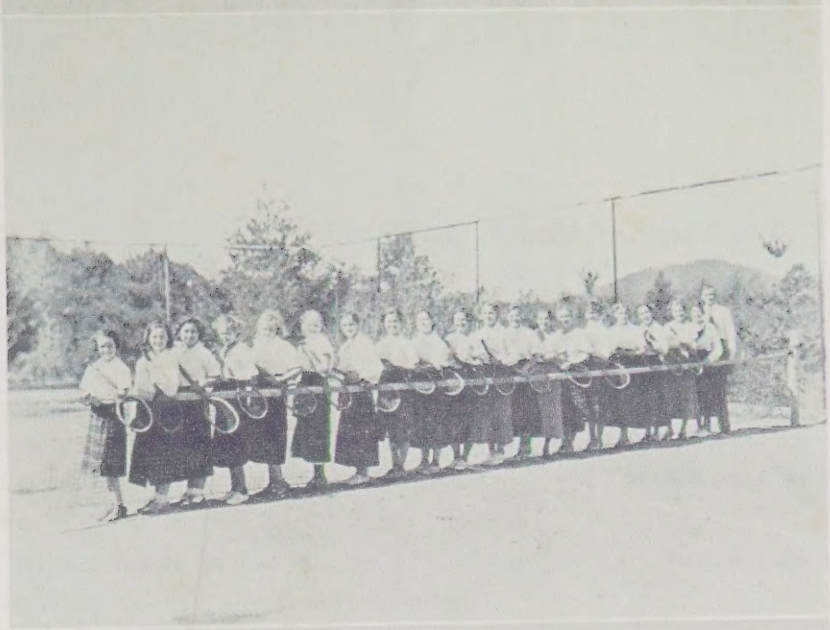
Best All 'Round

HARRIET LUTHER



Best Student

GRACE HILFORD



Just a racket

Bully for both sides

Going to town

My Run Away Horse

One afternoon in late October about four girls and I decided that we would go for a horseback ride. It had been a lovely day, not too cold, but just brisk enough for a nice ride.

After a long way on the dusty road, we turned off and started up Long John Mountain. It was such a beautiful view. All along the side of the mountain were dots of red and gold mixed with tall white pines. Down below us was a little stream winding its way through the woods.

We had finally reached the top, and through the trees we could get a glimpse of the sun slowly dropping. We turned toward home.

I had a very spirited horse and everytime it had a chance it would suddenly break away from the others. I had dreaded this ever since I had left home, but I was not going to be called a coward, so I rode him. Well, he finally decided he was tired of staying behind, so we passed the others and went galloping away. It was all I could do to try to keep him back, but I couldn't. It was gradually getting dark, and we had gone a far piece. I had a feeling we were on the wrong trail, so I stopped Jerry and called as loudly as I could. Away down the mountains I heard a faint call. So I turned my horse around and let him find his own way through the woods. In the distance I could see a red dot, and I knew that was Sarah, because she was wearing a red jacket. Finally we caught up with them, and I was very tired and glad to get home. You can bet I will never ride that horse again.

—MARY WILLARD.

Candle-Light

Throwing her pencil down in disgust, Thelma jumped up from the chair in which she had been sitting, let it fall with a bang to the floor, and ran over to the other side of the room where she flung herself down on the bed just as the big salty tear-drops began to fall from her lovely sky-blue eyes.

Thursday night again. That meant one had to dress formally for dinner, and it was already five-thirty. Thelma didn't care. She didn't care if she never saw food again. In fact, the girls would be sorry if she would die of starvation; they would all wish they'd been kinder to her. The girls in Scribblers Club would prize the story she had written about the rain, and wouldn't they feel nice because her story wasn't accepted for the Annual! Oh, that story!! Why couldn't she write more interesting stories? How could she tell Tom that her story hadn't been accepted when she had said she was sure it would be?

Dinner bell. All the girls went tripping down to dinner; they would talk about the things they had written that had been accepted for the Annual, and they would probably laugh about Thelma's story. They would all look lovely dressed up in rhinestone and velvet, smiling at one another over the soft glow of green candles.

Candle-light! That was an idea! Thelma jumped up with suddenness, ran to the desk, restored the chair to its proper place, and sat down to write, weaving her thoughts and words together with continuity. She wrote a lovely poem entitled "Candle-Light."

A knock on the door! Who could that be? She called uneasily, "Co--m-e."

"Why, Thelma, why aren't you down at dinner? What's the big idea? Mrs. Woodward sent me up for you," exclaimed Sarah.

"I—didn't want anything to eat," was the meek reply Thelma gave.

"Thelma Douglas, you've been crying." Taking advantage of her two years more along the highway of life, Sarah continued, "Tell Aunt Sarah all about it."

"There's nothing to tell. Oh--a-h read this poem and tell me what you think of it," and Thelma handed Sarah the poem.

"Gee, honey, that's grand. I'm willing to bet ten to one that—"

Another knock on the door—the same meek voice said, "CO-me."

"Say, you kids, come on down to dinner. You aren't on a strike or anything, are you? Mrs. Woody thinks you've fallen in a hole, Sarah."

Thelma, feeling much better now, powdered her nose, combed her hair, and went down to the dinner table with her two friends. She smiled sweetly over the green candles at the girls across the table and thought with satisfaction about her poem, "Candle-Light."

—LAURETTE BODZINER.

Looking Back

I was standing by the rail, looking at a brilliant sunset and listening to the orchestra, when all at once it started up that old favorite of about ten years ago, "You're The Top." Memories of those old days came back to me as I thought of the times I had danced to that tune in the Study Hall. In a day-dream I lived over old scenes. Fassifern!—going up the drive on a windy, sunny day and getting such an ecstatic feeling just at being alive and young and seeing the huge, whispering pines and the columns of Shipp gleaming white in the sunlight, and blue mountains in the distance and groups of girls chattering and laughing on the lawn. I see them again—Kit, cute as ever in her riding clothes; vociferous Peggy, still talking about boys; Lucy Anne, griping and laughing by turns; Margie, chasing Gladie and Annie again; Val and Laura Neal, strolling arm-in-arm, and all the others, seen just as clearly now as under a '35 North Carolinean sun.

Then I thought of the times we had had in the gym—Harriet stepping on Betty; that hot basketball game in which we beat up the Juniors; the fun of giving the operetta. "We sail the ocean blue and our saucy ship's a beauty," some snatches from that I'll never forget.

And I see once again the Carol Service. Pines, white surplices, candles, sweet voices, "It came upon the midnight clear, that glorious song of old." All of it a wonderfully holy and peaceful atmosphere. The Christmas play with slow music, a star shining, the manger scene, and then out into the crisp clear night, gulping great draughts of cold, pure air.

"An Old Fashioned Mellerdrammer"—"Sh-don't tell me, I want to guess"; "Six Who Who Pass"; stunt night, especially Mr. Woody and Mrs. Sutton as children; "Stars Fell On Alabama."

Cozy nights talking in Miss Bull's room. Chats with Tim and talks with some of the girls after Vespers. Many faces passed before my eyes but the dinner gong sounded and broke the spell. I looked up. Stars were shyly peeping out and the last colors were fading from the horizon. I hurried off the deck. Fassifern, never forgotten. Grand days those.

—GRACE HILFORD.

Any Family

(A Play)

CHARACTERS:

Mother Maynard—a middle aged society lady.

Father Maynard—a nice looking, grey-haired man.

Patsy Ann Maynard—a pretty, spoiled child, ten years old.

Martin Maynard—a boy of fifteen.

FIRST SCENE: A large, formal dining room with a long table. The members of the family sitting miles apart.

MOTHER (crossly): Patsy Ann Maynard, if you don't eat every drop of that oyster stew, you shall go to bed without a bite to eat, and no birthday party either.

PATSY (sulking): I won't! I don't like it and I won't eat it, and I don't care what you do.

MARTIN: Oh! Pipe down. You make more noise than any kid I ever saw.

MOTHER (crosser still): Martin leave her alone. Patsy dear, just think how many little orphans would just love to have this stew.

FATHER (who has been taking it all in decides to say something): Yes, just think! Eat that stew or leave the table.

MARTIN (sarcastically): Oh, of course she'll eat her stew any day. You know how she loves to eat her meal.

MOTHER: Martin, you may leave the room also.

MARTIN: Oh gee! Can't a fellow take part in a fight with his own family? (Gets up and rushes out. Patsy follows slowly.)

CURTAIN

SCENE TWO: A large library. Father standing beside fireplace. Mother sitting on the arm of the sofa.

FATHER: Fine family you've raised. A couple of spoiled brats, that's all. (Starts walking in circles.)

MOTHER (almost sobbing): Henry! You—you—How dare you say such a thing. You know I've been a perfectly good mother and they're spoiled by your petting, that's all.

FATHER (with an evil glint in his eyes): I've spoiled them, have I? So I've spoiled them. Myre, I'm sick and tired of all this nonsense and I'm leaving right now—I won't come back—till dinner time. (Stalks out of room. Mother sobs.)

CURTAIN

SCENE THREE: Bedroom. Mother is lounging and reading a magazine.

MARTIN (entering): Mom, where's the jam? I'm so hungry I can't see straight. Can't understand it.

MOTHER (not paying much attention): It's on the left hand side.

MARTIN: Left hand side of what?

MOTHER: Huh? Oh! Left hand side of the shelf, of course.

MARTIN (aggravated): What shelf?

MOTHER: In the butler's pantry, of course. If you would look, you might see it. (Martin bounds out of the room like a graceful cow.)

Mother picks up book once more, only to be interrupted again. Patsy enters crunching huge candy bar.

PATSY: Daddy's home, mother, and he wants to know when dinner'll be ready. I'm hungry, too. Yeh and Martin went out with that Bill Marney again. I seen—no, saw him jump off the garage into Bill's yard and go off with him. Are you gonna punish him?

MOTHER: Go on down and tell your father dinner won't be until seven tonight. Go on now and don't eat any more of that sticky candy. Look at your face!

PATSY: Aw, it's good. (Wipes face on sleeve, and leaves room eating for all she is worth.)

MOTHER (sighing): What a day! Why on earth couldn't oysters stay in their beds?

CURTAIN

—GLADYS PRATT.

Fishing Village

At Main and Eighth the village swains and their maids sit in shiny roadsters sipping strawberry sodas and throwing silver chewing gum papers on the brick pavement. White-coated curb boys scurry from loaded cars into the brightly lighted drug store. Large ceiling fans hum monotonously, driving the cigarette and soda fountain odors back out to the street.

At Main and Fourth a drunk staggers out of the fruit stand which is dimly lit by flickering oil lamps. A Portuguese in soiled ducks lolls in the doorway, metal hoops at his ears gleaming in the yellow light. Muffled laughter comes from the shuttered windows above—and the tinkle of a glass shattered against the wall.

At Main and Second a palm frond rustles furtively against a cracked window pane. The night watchman walks quickly past the black emptiness of a deserted warehouse.

Main Street ends at the railroad track. Beyond that are the wharves. A road of crushed oyster shells leads down to damp plank walk-ways. The planks go past shadowry doorways and rooms where nets hang from black rafters like misty wraiths swaying in the grey light. After smelly shrimp cookers and floors slippery with slime and scales is the flat sturdy pier. Here there is no sound but the bump of boats tied together and the slap-slap of water against barnacled timbers.

The salt tang of the ocean is in the air, and the musky, indefinable odors from the marshes.

Reflections of silver moonlight flood the tide. The bobbing masts slither across the water like squirming snakes.

The clean summer wind rises from the sea scattering the buzzing swarm of mosquitoes clinging to the tattered netting on a cabin window.

—JULIA HARRIS.

Mosaic

Well, how do you like Fassifern? This was a question perpetually asked by friends during the two years I spent in Fassifern as a boarder. After having made the impression of being very fond of the school, I recalled ever so many incidents to tell them about that they might understand why boarding school was so nice. Indeed, there was always a feast to remember. Though this question was asked dozens of times, I nearly always had an entirely new feast to tell about as the roommate and I made frequent trips to the corner store and kept a supply on hand.

There were always the long-for trips to Camp Greystone, when groups of us rode out in the little green truck with hopes of taking a cooling dip, acquiring a nice sun-tan, and eating our fill of those luscious apples. Why, of course I like it at Fassifern.

Many times I have related the keen rides taken through the magnificent mountains of North Carolina to show my friends what glorious times we do have at Fassifern.

At Fassifern we had our social functions, oh, my, yes. We all donned our velvets, laces, and satins and what nots for the Junior-Senior reception. We all looked stunning for our big dances with Blue Ridge School for Boys, to be sure.

In conversing with some people one needs to have encountered more or less a few tragic situations. I never fail at this point to come out with tales of woe accompanying those dreaded mid-term exams which I met up with at Fassifern. Everything has its bad points, you see. I also had a most nearly perfect sorrowful history to relate. All it needed was to have had a teacher show herself while four of us Fassifern boarders were making our way through the darkness that always reigns after light-bell. We were on our way to visit our neighbors. It was just luck that the teacher did not appear and that the story had a happy ending.

The plays by the Dramatic Club, the lovely programs by the Glee Club, the cheery basketball games and the sorority parties all bring to me a charming mosaic of happy times and so to the question—"How do you like Fassifern?" I reply, "I love it."

—MARION MILLER.

Dawn

There was a stillness on the earth. I snuggled down in my blankets to watch the coming of the dawn. The sky was a deep blue contrasting with the blackness of the mountains. Above the mountain tops spread soft crimson and rose. A few tardy stars still twinkled in the sky. They seemed to make the dawn cold and still. Like some magnificent painting the world lay before me. Unlike a picture it was slowly but surely changing.

One by one the stars went out as though they were candles being puffed out by the wind. The deep blue of the sky was changing into a lighter color. Even the mountains did not seem to be so large. They appeared a little more friendly. Where there had been rose and crimson there was a large ball sending golden streaks across the sky.

Suddenly a burst of music filled the air, or rather my imagination seemed to hear it. The earth was flooded with warm sunlight. The trees were green and gold on the mountainsides and down in the valley. Around and below the sun floated small, fleecy clouds like soft, warm soapsuds on drenched, blue linen.

Only a few moments ago the world had been cold and tinged with deep blue; now everything was warm and washed with gold.

—ESTER LOVE HILLHOUSE.

Blue Monday

As days go, this one hasn't been the best that I could find, and yet, you know, it all depends upon one's state of mind.

When I awakened and discovered that there was no sun, I said to myself with a heavy sigh, "An awful day's begun."

As I rushed to dress, the bell rang, and it gave me quite a shock, because I simply could not find the mate to my brown sock.

Finally I found it and dashed madly from my room (I bumped into the trunk, of course, that always is my doom).

I fled across the covered-way and stumbled down the stairs. The collar of my coat was in, but I was unawares.

The morning dragged quite slowly, and as it terminated—I remembered school on Mondays was a thing I'd always hated.

Then came the afternoon at last, and with it came the show—but I, to my intense disgust, was not allowed to go!

I moped around for quite a while—and then my spirits rose—I knew there must be other things as nice as picture shows.

I found some friends and played with them until my heart was light, and then—so suddenly it seems—the afternoon was right.

—SALLY REGENSBURG.

The Capture of A Fugitive Slave

Out in the swampy undergrowth of a forest in central South Carolina cowered a trembling negro boy. Off in the distance he could hear the deep-voiced bay of the bloodhounds in search for him. Looking around desperately for a better hiding place he saw a hole. He crawled warily up to it and looked in. Seeing nothing, he ventured in but was received by a savage growl of a wild animal eating its prey.

As the barking of the dogs seemed fainter, he decided to run. On getting ready to escape he found himself looking into the angry eyes of a wildcat, holding a young lamb in his bloody jaws. There he was, held at bay by a savage wildcat, and the dogs might find his trail any moment. Cautiously he moved back into a thicket, hoping the wildcat would go on ahead to his den. After watching the boy for a few minutes—which seemed like hours to Rasmus—the beast slunk away into his den.

Rasmus was getting ready to escape when he heard the barks of the bloodhounds more distinctly and knew that it was no use to try to escape. Settling back he tried to resign himself to his fate, but each bark, more distinct than the other, sent fresh shudders through his weakened frame.

At last through the gathering gloom he saw the bloodhounds and the men on horseback carrying lanterns. Following the dogs which had rushed upon Rasmus came a big, strong, tall man dangling two pairs of shackles. After the dogs had been beaten off, the cruel shackles were fastened around his feet and hands. As Rasmus failed to rise at the first stern command, he received a hard kick and the harsh words, "Get up, you wretch, or I'll horsewhip you to within an inch of you no 'count life."

Rasmus struggled to his feet and set out on his weary journey of five miles back to the plantation and cruel floggings. Every time he stumbled, down came the iron-barked whip on his bare back leaving red welts.

After the plantation was reached and after he received a severe horsewhipping, he was thrown into a filthy cabin where he lay suffering all night.

—MARY WILSON.

Alone

Alone, in the dark—the crescent moon outlined against a dark, forbading sky.
Alone, with a spark—the hope that comes when tears are not quite dry.
The breeze ruffles my hair and cools my burning face.
The mountains against the afterglow—like some exquisite lace.
The stars creep out to comfort me as the afterglow fades softly into darkness.
Our joys, hopes, and fears stand out with ghastly starkness.
Then suddenly a wind—cold and like a whip—
Slings some leaves into my face with an insolent flip.
Then night, with an icy grip, clasps me in her hand:
And transports me with swiftness into another land.

—HARRIETT LUTHER.

Sonnet

(Aeneid, Book III, 11:512-524)

The hours not yet have brought the midnight deep,
When Palinurus scans with careful eye
The breeze, and listens, freshly roused from sleep.
He marks the stars that fill the silent sky,
Observes Arcturus, rainy Hyades,
The Bears, Orion shining in the dark,
That all is well in sky, on land he sees,
Then gives his signal from his gallant bark.
We leave the camp to seek our course anew;
The waiting ships are launched, the sails fill out.
The stars have fled, and dawn's first light we view.
We skim across the waves, and then a shout,
"Lo, Italy!" cries the watch. Then comrades raise
A joyful hymn, "To all the gods be praise!"

—GRACE HILFORD.

Rainbow

I saw the end
Of a rainbow
After the storm,
And as I watched
It faded from my sight.
I knew if I could
Only put my hand
Up through the sky
I could pull it back,
Radiant and whole.

—SALLY REGENSBURG.

Color Symphony

I never cared for blue with green
Until by chance my eye
Strayed to a sight I'd never seen—
Tall green pines were praying
To a vast blue sky.

I always rebelled against blue and red
Until a passing stranger said,
"Look yonder—'Tis God's splendid array
Of blue and red
From the dying day."

I never liked yellow with purple
But one day glancing from a high green hill
My throbbing heart was hushed by the thrill
Of seeing a purple hyacinth
Bow to a yellow daffodil.

Oh, tall green pine and sky of blue,
Oh, hazy sunset of rarest hue,
Oh, slender daffodil in all your grace,
Oh, hyacinth of lavender lace,
You've taught these blind eyes to see
The beauty of a color
Symphony!

—VALVERDA BRANDON.

Spinach

I do what I think is right,
I think what I do is right.
So why do I have to eat spinach?
Please, take it out of my sight!

—MARJORIE MCLAIN.

Sports At Fassifern

Besides the many things we learn,
We have our sports at Fassifern.
We have Hockey in the fall;
In the winter, Basketball.
There's Horseback riding all year 'round;
In the ring and about the town.
Down the hill when there's a snow,
We girls will coasting go.
In the fall and in the spring,
Swims at Greystone are the thing.
Then another special treat,
Is our skating in the street.
After work, you see, we play;
Out at Fassifern each day.

—MARY SCOTT WILDS.

I pressed
White roses
To my cheek
And dreamed of you.

I held
Two hands
To my heart
And looked at you.

I laid
My head
Against a wall
And cried for you.

—SALLY REGENSBURG.

Passipern Pun Page

HARRIET (in midst of hanging crepe paper for dance): I've never been so wrapped up in my work before!

MRS. SUTTON: What's the other name for Abyssinia?
HARRIET: Good-bye.
SALLY (coming out of a coma): Going so soon?

MISS BULL: I sat on a camel once.
MISS SWEETS: Did you get burned?

PEGGY: What's the matter with me?
LIBBY: You're just ABnormal.

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ANN PUTNAM ..... The Prophecy
CLARA LOUISE SOMPAYRAC ..... My Anchor

RIMES—I—IMES—I—IMES

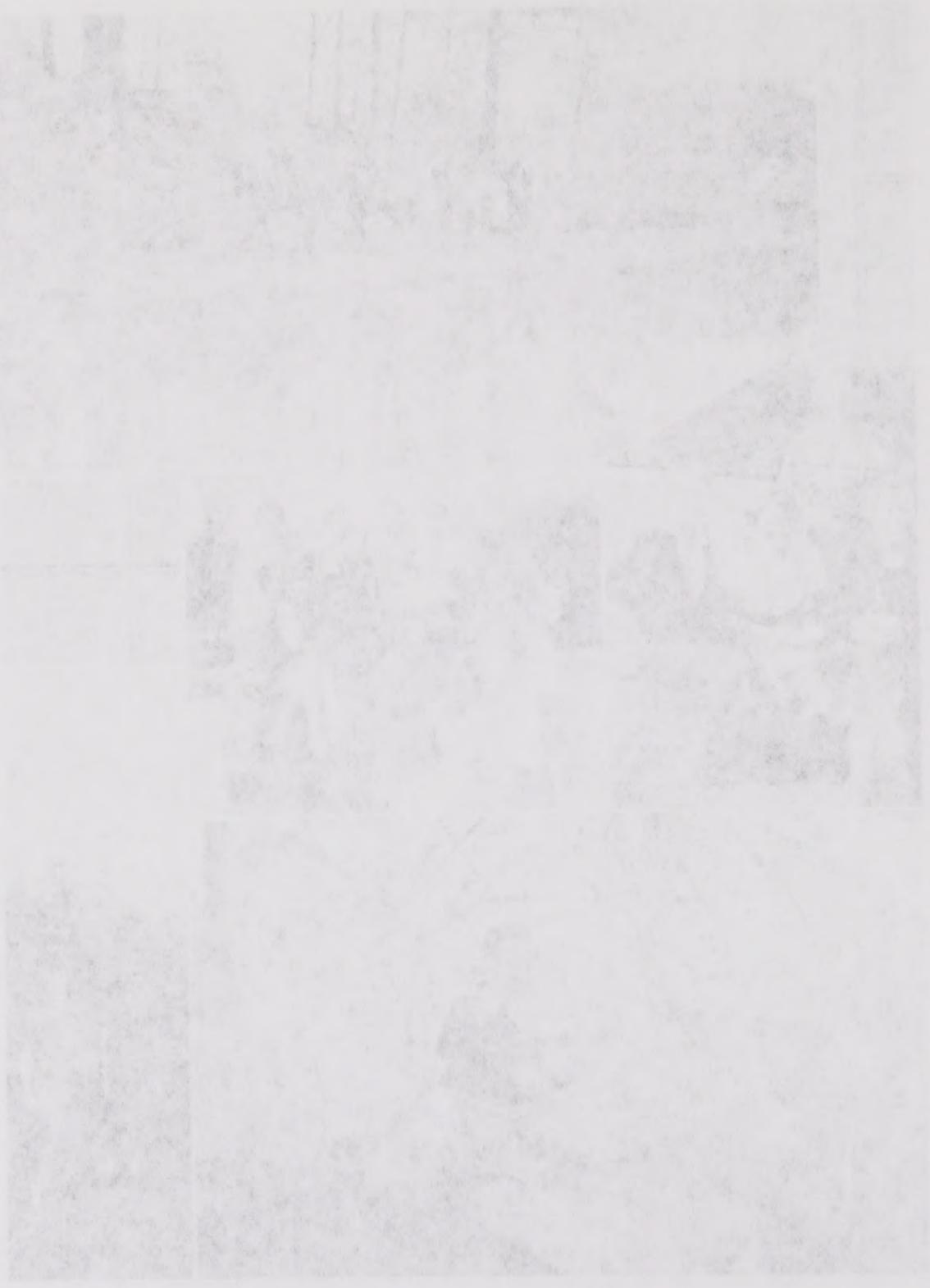
There was an ant-i-ant-i-ant
Who said I can't—I can't—I can't.
Can't climb a hill-i-ill-i-ill
Nor eat my fill-i-ill-i-ill.

There was a bird-i-ird-i-ird
Who said I heard—I heard—I heard
A tale of woe-i-o-i-o
'Twas thus and so-i-o-i-o.

She said I don't—I don't—I don't
He said I won't-i-on't-i-on't
Then she did howl-i-owl-i-owl
And he did growl-i-owl-i-owl.

—NANCY WEEKS.

On this page find: Aurelia Harrison, "Tennis Champion"; Grace Frost, "Salutatorian"; Grace Hilford, "Valedictorian"; Margaret Kittrell, "Our Most Popular"; and Garibald & "Tony."



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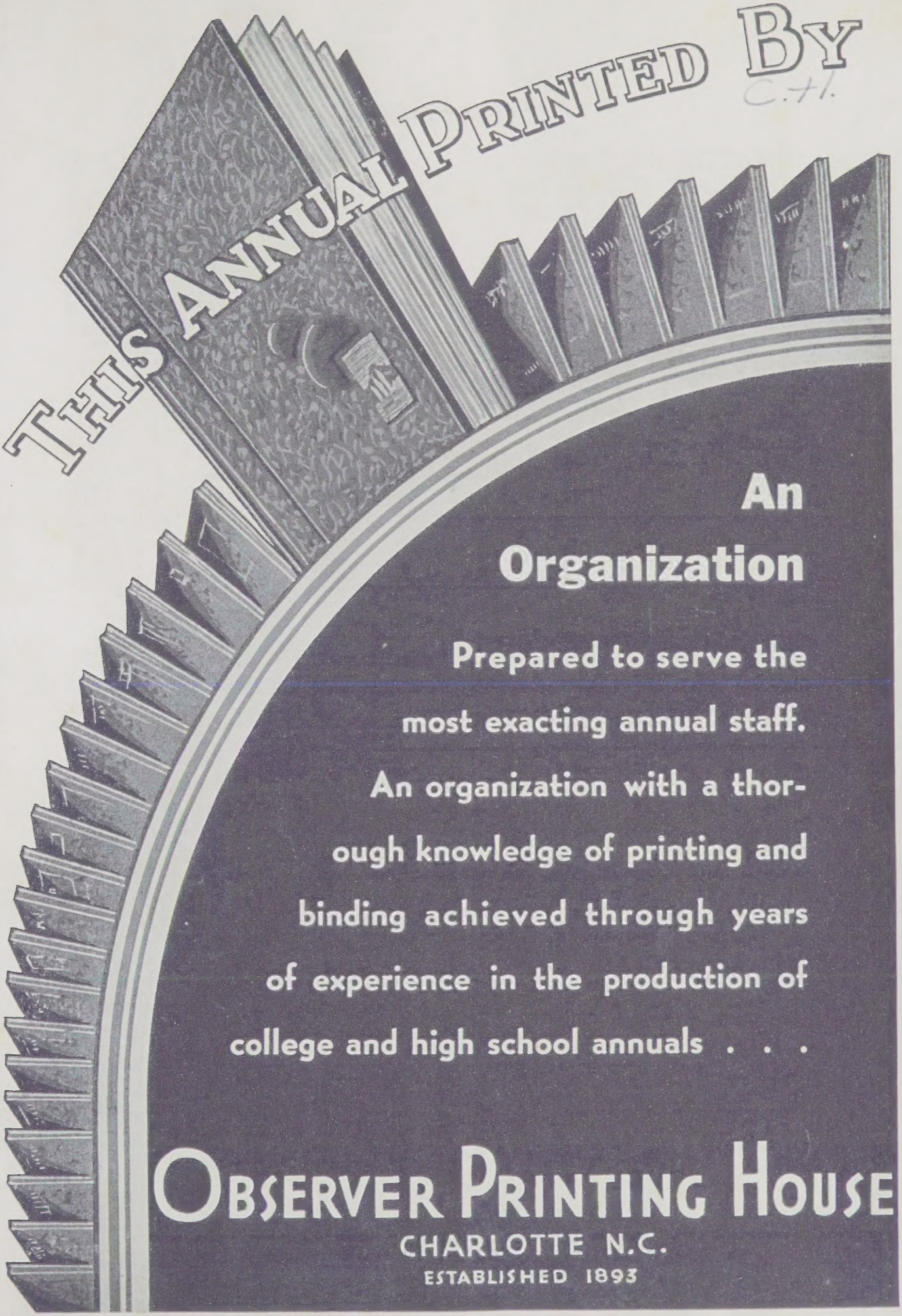

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